

**Master Negative
Storage Number**

OCI00039.40

Slighted father

[London]

[1750?]

Reel: 39 Title: 40

**BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION**

Master Negative Storage Number: OC100039.40

Control Number: BCX-8349

OCLC Number : 11104497

Call Number : W PN970.E5 SLIGx

**Title : Slighted father, or, The unnatural son justly reclaimed :
to which are added, My jolly sailor dear, and, Contentment.**

Imprint : [London : Printed by L. How, 1750?]

Format : 8 p. ; 16 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : "Entered according to order"

Note : Title vignette.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

**MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)**

On behalf of the

**Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA**

Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/21/94

Camera Operator: AR

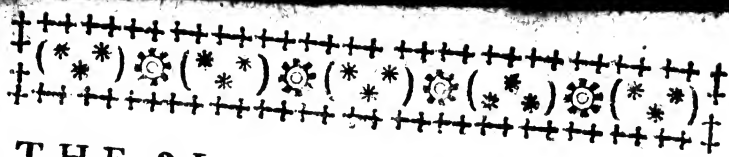
Slighted Father;
OR, THE
Unnatural Son justly Reclaimed.

To which are added,

My Jolly Sailor Dear,
AND
CONTENTMENT.



Entered according to Order.



THE SLIGHTED FATHER.

A Wealthy man of late we hear,
Liv'd in the midst of Devonshire,
Whose son did court a beauty bright,
And in her plac'd his whole delight.

His proffer'd service was in vain,
With haughty pride and high disdain,
She often made him thus reply,
I will not have you, No, not I.

Except your fortune does appear,
To be two hundred pounds a year,
At this the young man was dismay'd,
As having nothing but his trade,

Until his rich old father dy'd,
Home he return'd, and sighing cry'd,
Why did my eyes betray my heart?
Why must I feel the killing smart?

He took his bed, and there he lay,
With scorching fever night and day.
His father did request to know,
What was the cause of all his woe?

Dear loving father, he reply'd,
A Lady should have been my bride,
Who flights me for my low estate,
Which makes me most unfortunate.

Without her love I cannot live,
Pale death the fatal stroke must give,
To ease my heart of grief and woe,
This said, afresh his tears did flow.

The father said, *Cher*
Thou dost not know what may be done;
Before that thou shalt die, said he,
With all I have I'll part to thee.

That very word reviv'd his heart,
The father did as freely part
With all his riches, house, and land,
Then they were married out of hand.

He having given all away
Unto his son, he thus did say,
I hope that you will me afford,
A living both at bed and board.

The Lord forbid, the son reply'd,
That such a thing should be deny'd,
We'll live together here in love,
And I right dutiful will prove.

It pass'd on well a year or two,
At length the scornful Madam grew
Weary of him, and oft would cry,
When will this grey old badger die?

Sometimes when nobles thither came,
Forsooth this proud and lofty dame,
Made him their presence to depart,
Which cut the father to the heart.

The Lady she grew worse and worse,
And said unto her husband thus,
Remove him farther off from me,
For youth and age cannot agree.

Unto the lodge now let him go,
For why his cough disturbs me so,
That sure I loath the very meat,
The which I in his presence eat.

White
ON
72
EE
SLIX

MAR 1 1922

That he, good man, to please his wife,
Then to his father did repair,
The doleful message to declare.

Father, said he, I wish you well,
Yet in my house you must not dwell,
My Lady's so dissatisfy'd,
Some other place you must provide.

There is a lodge within my gate,
Which I erected but of late,
So if you'll there be pleas'd to lie,
I'll feed you till the day I die.

His aged father wept to hear
These tidings, which were so severe,
Then to the lodge he straight did go,
For why he found it must be so.

Some years he in that place remain'd
And like an alms-man was maintain'd ;
But Providence at length did find,
A way to ease his grieved mind.

While in the lodge he thus was fed,
The scornful Dame was brought to bed,
Feasting for many days was there,
It being a young son and heir.

The child was beautiful and clear,
The parents lov'd their darling dear,
By whom they set continual store,
For why, indeed they had no more.

Now-as the child to knowledge grew,
The father, nay, and mother too,
Both fed him up with pleasant toys,
He was the height of all their joys.

As he to riper years did grow,
That the grandfir they forgot,
His aged tears they minded not.

It was a grief to know that they,
Did feed on dainties every day,
With wine and pleasant music sweet,
While he had hardly food to eat.

When seven years were gone and past,
The child reproved them at last,
For that unnatural abuse,
Which will admit of no excuse.

For as it happened on a day,
The father jestingly did say,
My child shall have a store of gold,
Most rich and curious to behold.

A hat and feather, hawk, and hound,
To hunt within thy father's ground,
The child reply'd, that will be brave
When I that state and grandeur have.

Father, I'll do as you have done,
Like to a disobedient son,
The lonesome lodge shall you suffice,
Where now my poor old grandfir lies.

Each day with lords of high renown,
At a full table I'll sit down,
Which being done, you shall receive,
The poor reversions which we leave.

These words like fatal darts indeed,
Made his relenting heart to bleed,
He wept and trembled every limb,
To hear that sharp reproof from him:

Since I my father did degrade,
Behold my little infant son,
Reproves me for what I have done.

'Tis just with God it should be so,
I'll to my aged father go,
And beg his pardon out of hand,
Restore him to his house and land.

Then posting to his lonely cell,
Upon his bended knees he fell;
With melting sorrow, thus said he,
Dear loving father, pardon me.

I must confess that I have sinn'd,
Against my father and my friend,
And am not worthy now to live,
Your poor repenting son forgive.

Come to your house and lands again,
Henceforth a woman's proud disdain,
Shall never make me prove untrue,
Or in the least dishonour you.

The aged father then replies,
While tears were standing in his eyes,
The Lord I hope will pardon thee,
For this my long captivity.

His means he straightway did possess,
But the proud daughter ne'ertheless,
Seems was so dissatisfy'd,
That in a month or two she dy'd.

You children now, both far and near,
Honour your loving parents dear,
For if their age you seem to slight,
The Lord at length their wrongs will right.

If you are rich and they are poor,
You must to comfort them the more;
For though they are in sad distress,
They are your parents ne'ertheless.

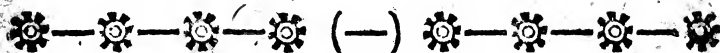
✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ (. .) ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

MY JOLLY SAILOR DEAR.

IT'S in the pleasant month of June,
abroad as I did stray,
There I did behold a lovely maid,
dressed in rich array.
She on a bed of flowers sat,
her heart was fill'd with care,
And bitterly she did lament,
For the loss of her sailor dear.
It's how can he so cruel be,
to rob me of my dear?
And send him to the raging sea,
a place I know not where:
Thro' blust'ring winds, and swelling waves,
so boldly I will steer,
Till I find out the man I love,
he's my jolly sailor dear.
It's how can he so cruel be,
to rob me of my rest,
Of all the young men in the world,
a sailor I love best.
You Neptune God prove kind to me,
and send him safely here,
On his dear breast my head shall rest,
he's my jolly sailor dear.
How happy is the country girl,
that wins the man she loves,
Contented with her homely food,
with a blessing from above.

All worldly wealth I do despise,
 No poverty I fear,
 Could I enjoy but what I love,
 He's my only sailor dear.

I'll dress myself in man's attire,
with trowsers clean and white,
And on the raging seas I'll go,
to find my heart's delight.
From ship to ship, from port to port,
so boldly I will steer,
Till I find out the man I love,
he's my only sailor dear,



CONTENTMENT.

What can assuage the pain man feels,
when busy cares disturb his breast;
And modest sense his want conceals,
with thousand thoughts that bar his rest?

Can wine one gloomy thought remove;
Can titles, wealth, or mirth give ease?
Can women's charms, or thoughts of love
Recal his soul, or mind to peace?

No, no, they're trifling pleasures all,
The rich enjoy them but a day;
Within their breast they deign to call,
ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,
when wanton fortune is unkind;
That sets a wretch above a king,
and quiets ev'ry ruffled mind.

FINIS